*Rom.* Out of her favour where I am in love.
*Ben.* Alas that love ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proofe!
*Rom.* Alas that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee pathwayes to his will!
Where ſhall we dine? O me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to doe with hate, but more with love:
Why then O brawling love, O loving hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created,
O heavie lightneſſe, ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of well ſeeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is.
This love feele I, that feele no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
*Ben.* No Coze, I rather weepe.
*Rom.* Good heart at what?
*Ben.* At thy good hearts oppreſſion.
*Rom.* Why ſuch is loves tranſgreſſion.
Griefes of my owne lye heavie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it preſt
With more of thine: this love that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth adde more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Love is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with loving teares:
What is it elſe? a madneſſe moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewell my Coze.
*Ben.* Soft, I will goe along,
And if you leave me ſo you doe me wrong.
*Rom.* Tut, I have loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's ſome other where.
*Ben.* Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you love?
*Rom.* What? ſhall I groane and tell thee?
*Ben.* Grone, why no, but ſadly tell me who.

*Rom.*